



The Lamentation of Melpomene, for the deach of BELPHÆBE our late Queen.

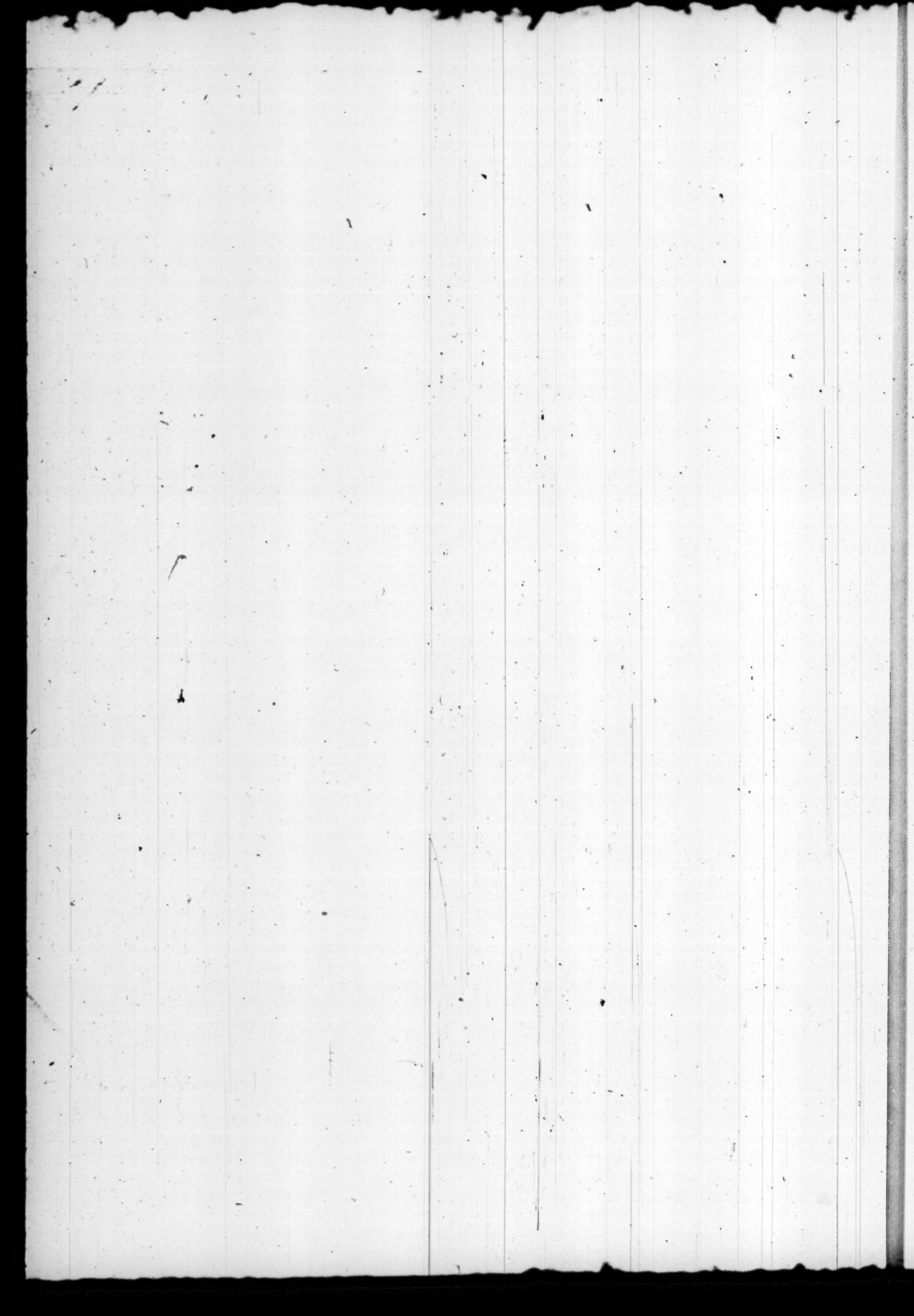
With a Joy to England for our
blessed KING.

By T. W. Gentleman.



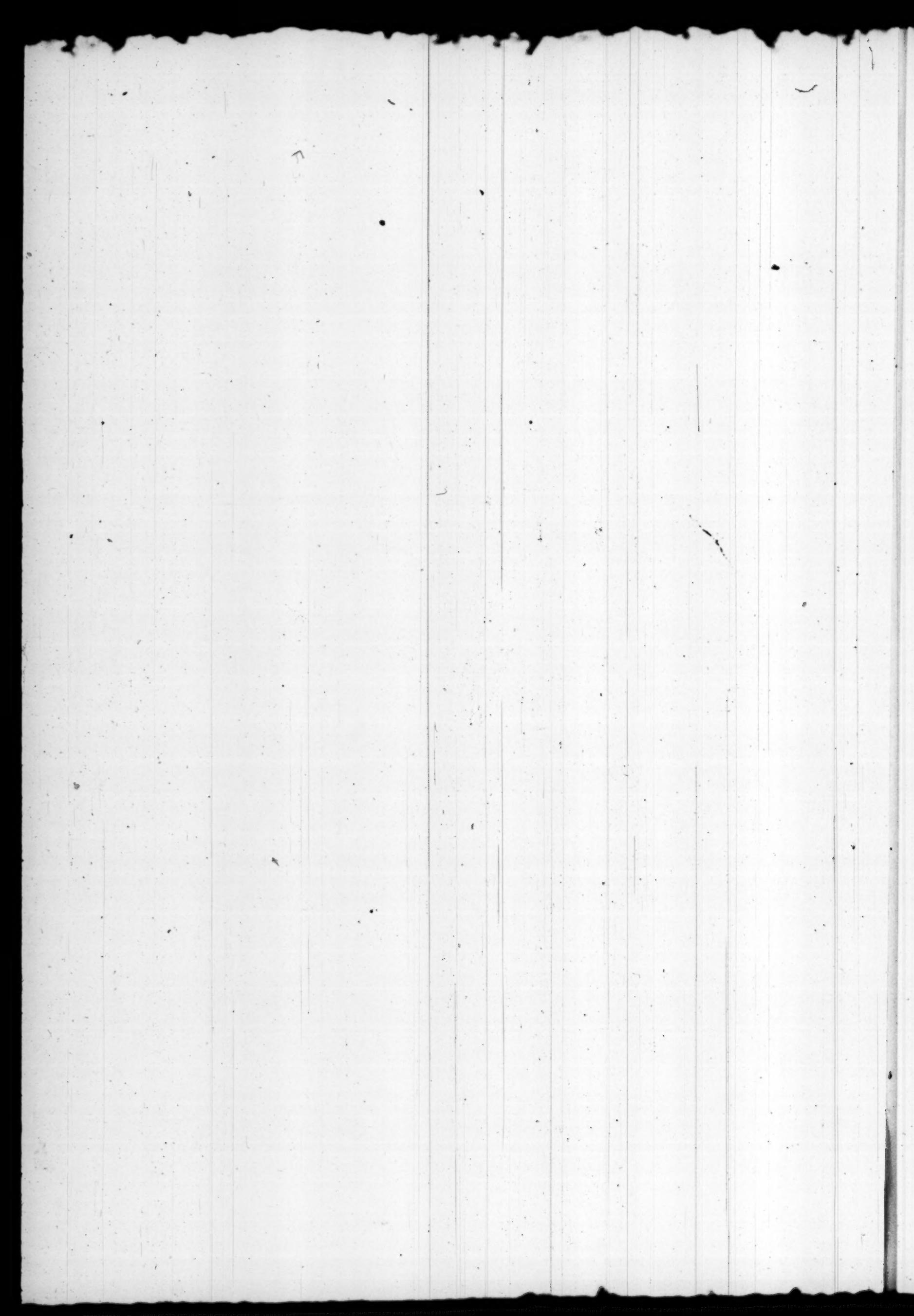
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at the signe of the Holy Lambe in
S. Paules Church-yarde,

1695.



HE that so please a multitude, his studies would employ,
A Faggot even as well may bring, to burne bright burning
The auncient Poet Persius, most wisely say'd, I tro: (Troy.
Velle suum cuique est, nec voto viuitur vno.
So diuers is the mindes of men; some will haue this, some that:
Some verse, some prose: & some againe, wold haue they know not what
Therefore I care not who finde fault, let who list laugh and scoffe:
Let him that likes it, yeed the same: he that dislikes, locke off.

A ii.





The Lamentation of MELPOMENE, for the death of BELPHÆBE, our late Queene.



In what vncoth place or gloomye Cell,
Shall sad *Melpomenes* tragicke spirit dwell?
The chearful day tormentis my chearles hart,
And euery splendent star woundes like a dart.
If cuer Muse had cause to mourne in deed,
Now fits the time: and now the hart should bleed:
Now should each member ioyne it selfe in one,
And make a symphacie of grife, and mone.
Let coloured Si^tkes be dy'd to sable blacke:
A Mourning habite fits each Mourners backe.
Day change thy selfe to euerlasting Night.
Sunne, Moonc, and Starres, forgoe your glitt'ring light,
Dissolute you Mountaines, and you durate Rockes,
Lament you Shepheards, and your tender Flockes:
Let Teares distill in such a bundant wisc,
That like the Ocean billowes they may rise.
Caos, not Cosmos let the World be cleaped,
Let woe on woe, and care on care be heaped:
For loe; the Lampe that whilome burnt so cleare,

A iii.

I



Melpomenes Lamentation,

Is quite extinct, and darknesse doth appéare .
A glorious Lampe; a goodly Light it was,
Which whil'st it burnt, all other did surpass.
No place so farre remote but day, and night
It was illuminated with this Light.
Whilome it was the chiefeſt light alone
Of England, Fraunce, Ireland, and Calydone.
Few Lampes like this (yea feſw) or none at all
Are worthy of the like memoriall.
The chaste Belphabe is of life depriu'de,
Mercur of Chasteſtie, when ſhee furuiu'de :
Shee like a Rose mongſt many weedes was placed.
They grace'd by her, and ſhee by them disgraced.
Therefore the Fates ſuppoſ'd the earth too bace
To ſuccour one of ſuch immortall race:
And for a plague to men ſent meager Death,
To take away her ſweete Ambroſian breath.
What hart ſo hardie? (if it mortall beeſe)
But will lament the death of ſuch a Queene,
Which like a Goddess, not an earthly creature,
Appeared both in hauiuour, and in feature.
Prudenſe, and Conſtanſie poſſeſt her minde;
A rare memoriall for all women kinde :

No

for the death of Belphabe.

No vertuous lorc, ne well beseeming graces,
But liu'd in her, each in their seuerall places.
The Fates had chosen her Earths Soueraignc,
And by the Fates, Earth hath her lost againe.
After long darknesse on the earth, came light,
And now againe ensewes eternall night:
Dianas sister Lady of the day,
From earth to heauen hath tane her speedy way;
Second to none in Wisedome sure was shce,
The Queene she was of true feminicie.
Well could I wish if Dcstenies thought good,
Her habitation on *Parnassus* stood:
And that from *Joues* great Court she were accited,
And with my sisters in pure zeale vnted.
Neuer till now did griefe my hart surpresse,
And now tis cloy'd with too much heauiness:
I must resigne my place: I cannot chuse,
And beare no more the name of Tragickc Musc;
For I am Metamorphisid with griefe;
Griefe without end, and endlesse to relieve.
If Heauen, or Hell, do harbour any soule
Whose hart is made of such a sencelesse moulc,
That Death and Hell; that God, or cruell Fate,

A iiiii.

Can-

Melpomnes Lamentation,'

Cannot with true compassion animiate,
Let him possesse my place vpon the Hill:
For Ile resigne it with a right goodwill.
Ile trauerse through the world in Pilgrimage,
And vnder-take Belphebes Patronage;
Ile massecar my selte, lament, and mone,
Whil'st there remaines no day to tell but one,
In the remotest place from any wight,
Where neither Sunne nor Moone do lend their light:
There will I make a close-light shadowing Cell,
And till Times date be out, I there will dwell,
Dreaming on horrors, gasty sightes, and feares:
Sadde thoughtes and I will liue espoused Spheares.
Ile teach the Screechowle, and the hissing Snake,
To beare a burden to the mone I make:
Ile learne the Syluaine Birdes to hang their winges,
When once my melancholie Organ singes
Sadde Canticles, of her immortall prayse,
Who lyuing, blest the world with golden dayes.
Both Peace and Justice flourish'd in her age:
Such was her foresight, such her counsaile sage,
If Vertue, Learning, Manners, Beautie, Witte,
Immortall fame to mortall creatures gitte.

Thrice

for the death of Belphoebe.

Thrice happie shée, for these in her remainde,
As in her course of life was well explainde :
Morata should her surname be by right,
For shée with manners was most richly dight.
Her body was a Temple, where did raigne
The true tipes of a vertuous Soueraigne.
Shée vtterly detested Romaine Lawes,
The Popish Relickes, and the olde Priestes Sawes :
The Trueth she honour'd with vntaunted minde,
And with Truethis girdle did her Loynes combinde.
Worthy shē was to liue *Sibillas* dayes,
Her worth did equallize *Sibillas* prayse.
Had the three Sisters which the life doth guide,
Not mans felicitie so much enui'de :
Yea, and against the Gods appoynment too,
Attempt the thing they wisht them not to doe :
Loe, such preheminence hath Descenies,
To do what so they list (though *joue* denies.)
See how the labouring Ant begins to droope,
See how the loftie headed Stagge doth stoope,
The Grasse doth wither and the Fieldes waxe baire,
The Birdes leave singing, and Detest the aire
And to the rockie clystes with speed do flic,

B.

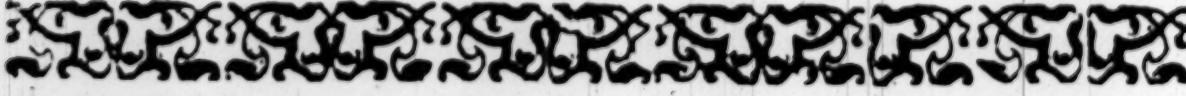
And



Melpomenes Lamentation,

And fraught with anguish do despaire, and die.
Salt teares distill from all good Subiectes faces,
Which on their cheeke make goodly milke-white traces
Sables is common, and in estimation:
He that wantes Sables is not in the fashion.
Why these are sights well fitting my sad spirit:
Now shall my hart his long wist easse inherit,
When euery creature doth conioyne in one,
Belphebes parture from the world to monc.
Shee is departed, dead, and gone long since,
And hath in Heauen a place of recidence:
From Earth she came, and thither's gone againe;
In Heauen she is, and there shall still remaine.
O Virgin chast, O Phenix of thy kind,
Whiche being gone, leaues not thy like behinde.
O Lampe of light, O Starre celestiall,
Thy matchlesse beautie was Angelicall,
With thee did die the worldes felicitie:
With thee decay'd all antique dignitie.
She is captiued in an endlesse Chaine,
No hope offuture comfort doth remaine.
In her lay all mens hope and loue: she dead,
All hope and fauour is for euer fled:

She



for the death of Belphabe.

She was mens ioy, in her they onely ioy'd,
By her departure, they are much annoy'd:
Thus hope, and fauour, ioy, (yea euery blisse)
Since her miscarriage, cuer fair'd amiss.
Let men and women breake their hartes with grones,
Let Babes and Children spend the time in mones:
Let sorrows soppes mixt with a bitter gall,
Suffize the hunger of both great and small.
Let teares distill, and straine their tender partes,
Let griefe be *Nectar* to reioyce their hartes.
No man suruiue that hath no teares to spende,
He that doth weepe vntil his teares haue ende,
Vnto the lowest earth let him take way,
And borrow teares of wofull *Hecuba*,
Which many Pooles hath caus'd to flow with teares,
Since her last date of twise three hundred yecres.
Awake you Feendes, whose nature is to sleepe:
Awake I say, and straine your selues to weepe:
Somnus arise, deaths messenger awake,
And to some mournefull taske your selues betake,
The time commaundes, and tinie must be respected:
Time cannot be recal'd that is neglected.
You that haue all this while slept in a traunce,

B ii.

E.

Melpomenes Lamentation,

Enwrapped in a cloude of ignoraunce,
Hap'ly may thinke that caulelesse I lament,
And euery teare I shed is vainly spent :
But know the cause : Eearthes soueraigne *Queene* is dead.
Dead sure she is, imbalm'd, and wrapt in Lead :
For this cause sorrow, and lament with mee ;
Follow you after, Ille chiefe mourner be :
My harts condolement shall excell you all,
For it is made of Lyuer, more then Gall.
Why, now you are compassionate I see,
I weepe before, you after seconde mee,
And now you sigth, your colours come and go :
A certaine figure of your inward woe.
Now poaste againe to *Plutos* regiment,
Vnfold to him this sodaine accident,
Go Messenger of death, and *Somnus* Goe,
Be you the messengers of palefac'd woe :
Let teares hereafter be your choycest drinke,
With teares fill all your Riuers to the brink.
Let Heauen and Hell for euer mourne I say,
Night be there euer, neuer be thicre day.
Continue thus vntill the Fates relent,
And she from whence she came aliue be sent.

Mount

for the death of Belphæbe.

Mount winged Fame, and furrow through the aire,
Make Heauen resound with echoes of dispaire:
Proclayme sadde tydinges of this lucklesse chaunce,
And with thy Trumpe awake dull ignoraunce.
Sound loude, for he is deafe, and nothing knowes,
He neuer greeues nor pines at anyes woes,
He sets, and neither stirres, nor speakes whole dayes.
He answeres none, nor mindes what any sayes.
Not farre from *Leth*e this aged Sire doth dwell,
This *Leth*e a spacious Riuier is in Hell,
Whose nature is to dull the Memorie
Of those that drinke thereof, or dwelleth bie.
Fame spread thy winges in Heauen, in Earth, in Hell,
To euery mister wite, her downefall tell.
Come Sorrow come, and helpe me to lament,
My fainting spirits now are almost spent:
My speech begins to fayle, my limbes waxe faint,
Ere I ascend the top of my complaint.
Then heere Ile stay, in this darke vale Ile rest,
And in dum shewes my grieve shall be exprest.
Die hart with sorrow and eternall paine,
Vnlesse *Belphæbe* do reviuue againe.
Now whil'st *Aelpomene* lay in a sound,

B iii.

Dew-

Melpomenes Lamentation,

Dewing with teares melancholy ground,
His absence was deplor'd on Parnasshill,
Teares did from euery Muses eyes distill.
Some in a furie rent their golden lockes,
Some hang'd the head, some stamp't, the brest soe knocks,
Some inly sigh'd, and others wrong their handes,
To shew their state wherein their sorrow standes,
At length in secret Synod they decreed,
To sende Terpsicore abroad with speed,
To search remote, and melancholy vookes:
Which his sad humour with contentment brookes,
Much ground he trauerst ouer hill, and dale:
Twas long earec aught his trauaile did auaille.
Still as he went, vpon his Harpe he playde,
By which Melpomene was much dismayde,
When as the sound did to his hearing flic,
For gricued mindes do Musicke quite defic.
Atlast directed by the powers Diuine,
He saw whereas the wandring Muse did pine:
Goodly he louted, and soone him bespake,
That to Parnassus he would iourney make.
To take possession of his long voyde place,
And liue among'st the rest of heauenly race.

Mel-

for the death of Belphebe.

Melpomene to him made no reply,
But like a sencelesse stone vpon the ground did lie,
Terpsicore with speed flew backe againe,
And tolde the Muses of their brothers paine,
Which he left speechlesse on the frigorous ground,
Either quite dead, or in a deadly sound.
With that the Muses much amazed flies
Vnto the dwelling of the Destinies,
To know their brothers sodaine cause of griefe,
And whether they would send his woes relief.
The Fates recomforted their grieved hartes,
And bade them neuer dread Deaths sharpe poynt darget:
Tolde them at large, the cause of his lament,
And how to giue his griefe a suddaine vent:
Soone they tooke leue, and to the place did flie,
Where the sadde Muse lay wrapt in miserie:
They rubde his temples, lifted vp his head,
In his pale face, pale death was figured,
At length some sparkes of life in him appeard,
Which all their late dead hartes reuiu'd and chear'd.
With chearefull words they chear'd him, and him prayde
No more to grieve, no more to be dismayde.
The Fates (quoth they) in priuate so decreed,

B.iiii.

That



Melpomenes Lamentation,

That she for whom thou weep'st, by death should bleed,
And they which by deaths cruell hand are slaine,
Nor sighes,norsingulres can reduce againe:
And know, the Fates haue seated in her place,
Though not a Woman,yet of heauenly race,
A goodly KING, to be earthes Soucraigne:
Which Justice,Peace, and Vertue,will maintaine.
Then ioy a new, recall thy wonted rest:
The Fates were kinde,that thee from death hath blest.
These wordes,his woe did somewhat mittigate,
And he assum'd againe his former state:
With winges of ioy they furrowed through the skie,
And soone arived at *Parnassus* hie:
Where now each Muse enioyes his hartes content,
Spending the time in wanton meriment:
Thankes be to those auspicious powers aboue,
That hath established this concordant loue.

F I N I S.

Mors septira ligonibus equat.



